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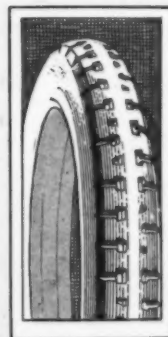
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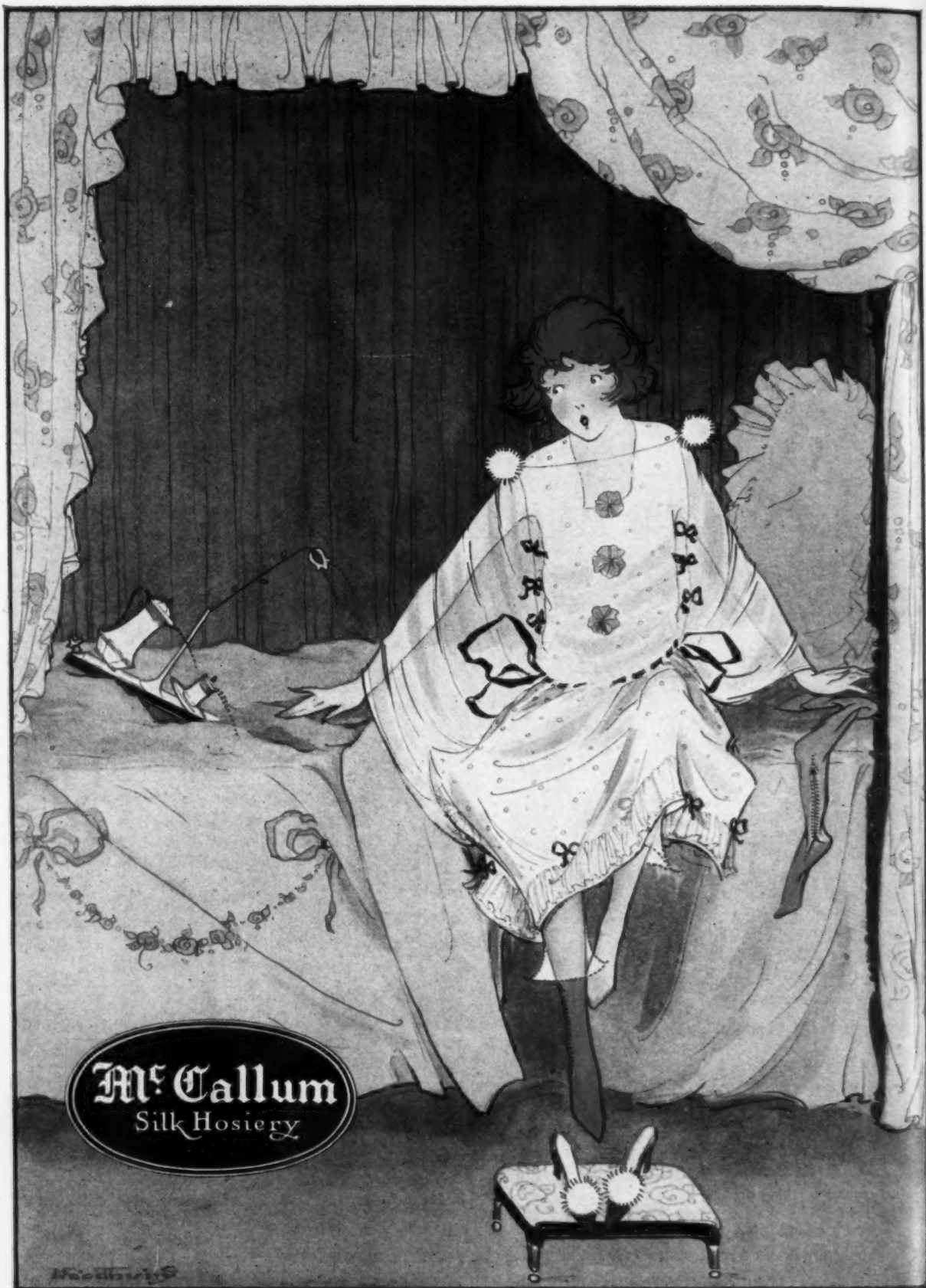
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# Are We a Nation of Low-Brows?

*It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly.*

## Without Cultural Leadership

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low-brow reading matter, low-brow movies, low-brow theatrical productions, low-brow music, low-brow newspapers, low-brow magazines. We think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk about the public's inferior taste.

The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and other higher things. And it must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocketbook is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

We believe we have a way to find out if the people are interested in the deeper problems of life. And the first thing we decided was to fix a price that shall be within reach of the person with the most slender purse.

We have selected a library of 25 books, which we are going to offer the public at an absurdly low price. We shall do this to find out if it is true that the public is not going to accept the better things when once

given the chance. And we shall make the price so inviting that there shall be no excuse on the ground of expense.

## All Great Things Are Simple

Once the contents of the following 25 books are absorbed and digested, we believe a person will be well on the road to culture. And by culture we do not mean something dry-as-dust, something incomprehensible to the average mind—genuine culture, like great sculpture, can be made to delight the common as well as the elect. The books listed below are all simple works and yet they are great—all great things are simple. They are serious works, of course, but we do not think the public will refuse to put its mind on serious topics. Here are the 25 books.

## Are the People Ready to Read These 25 Books?

**Schopenhauer's Essays.** For those who regard philosophy as a thing of abstractions, vague and divorced from life, Schopenhauer will be a revelation.

**The Trial and Death of Socrates.** This is dramatic literature as well as sound philosophy.

**Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.** This old Roman Emperor was a paragon of wisdom and virtue. He will help you.

**The Discovery of the Future.** H. G. Wells asks and answers the question: Is life just an unsolvable, haphazard struggle?

**Dialogues of Plato.** This volume takes you into Plato's immortal circle.

**Foundations of Religion.** Prof. Cook asks and answers the question: Where and how did religious ideas originate?

**Studies in Pessimism.** Schopenhauer presents a well-studied viewpoint of life. The substance of his philosophy.

**The Idea of God in Nature.** John

Stuart Mill. How the idea of God may come naturally from observation of nature is explained in this volume.

**Life and Character.** Goethe. The fruits of his study and observation is explained in this volume.

**Thoughts of Pascal.** Pascal thought a great deal about God and the Universe, and the origin and purpose of life.

**The Olympian Gods.** Tichenor. A study of ancient mythology.

**The Stoic Philosophy.** Prof. Gilbert Murray. He tells what this belief consisted of, how it was discovered, and what we can today learn from it.

**God: Known and Unknown.** Samuel Butler. A really important work.

**Nietzsche: Who He Was and What He Stood For.** A carefully planned study.

**Sun Worship and Later Beliefs.** Tichenor. A most important study for those who wish to understand ancient religions.

**Primitive Beliefs.** Tichenor. You get a clear idea from this account of the beliefs of primitive man.

**Three Lectures on Evolution.** Ernest Haeckel's ideas expressed so you can understand them.

**From Monkey to Man.** A comprehensive review of the Darwinian theory.

**Survival of the Fittest.** Another phase of the Darwinian theory.

**Evolution vs. Religion.** You should read this discussion.

**Reflections on Modern Science.** Prof. Huxley's reflections definitely add to your knowledge.

**Biology and Spiritual Philosophy.** An interesting and instructive work.

**Bacon's Essays.** These essays contain much sound wisdom that still holds.

**Emerson's Essays.** Emerson was a friend of Carlyle, and in some respects a greater philosopher.

**Tolstoi's Essays.** His ideas will direct you into profitable paths of thought.

## 25 Books—2,176 Pages—Only \$1.95—Send No Money

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the price be \$5. The price will be even less than half that sum. Yes, we mean it. Believe it or not, the price will be only \$1.95 for the entire library. That's less than a dime a volume. In fact, that is less than eight cents per volume. Surely no one can claim he cannot afford to buy the best. Here is the very best at the very least. Never were such great works offered at so low a price. All you have to do is sign your name and address on the blank below. You don't have to send any money. Just mail us the blank and we will send you the 25 volumes described on this page—you will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage. And the books are yours.

If you want to send cash with order remit \$2.25.

Are we making a mistake in advertising works of culture? Are we

doing the impossible when we ask the people to read serious works? Are we wasting our time and money? We shall see by the manner in which the blank below comes into our mail.

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# LIFE

## From a Grateful Heart

We are told to count each blessing  
(In an old, familiar hymn)

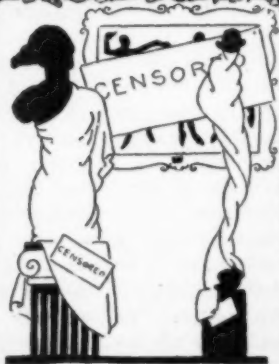
When our outlook is depressing  
And the star of hope is dim.  
We're admonished that the total  
Will be more than we expect,  
That in manner sacerdotal  
We shall start to genuflect.

Well, from what we hear at present,  
This is just the time to count;  
Prospects aren't very pleasant,  
Criticism's paramount.  
"Our brave forbears fought to free us,"  
The severest carpers say;  
"They would laugh if they could see us,  
Their posterity, to-day."

Almost everything's unlawful  
That we really like to do;  
Congress has adopted awful  
Means of raising revenue;  
Men like John S. Sumner tell us  
What to read and how to think;  
Prohibitionists compel us  
To risk death with every drink.

With the current cost of living  
What it is, and worse to come,  
Little reason for thanksgiving  
Can be figured out by some.  
In the midst of these confusions  
I must thank my patron saint  
That I've kept a few illusions  
And can see life as it ain't.

B. L.







## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**October 26th** Had my luncheon this day in a tea-room, only because it was the nearest eating-place and I in a great rush. The meal costing me close upon five dollars, too, the portions being but sample size and I at the necessity of ordering four or five in order to get my fill. Had naught but chicken salad and coffee, neither. Lord! how is it that my sex, for which those publicks are run, can ask so little in the way of comfort and convenience? For they did give me a child's napkin, and there was no cloth at all on the table save a silly doily. . . . My maid Virgie tells me of her desire to start a course at Pratt Institute come All Saints' Day, and I have not the heart to hinder her, though having her only half time will try me sorely. And now I must needs get me a servant for the mornings, and it does seem that if it isn't one thing in this life, it's another. . . . To the playhouse to see "Spite Corner," a pleasant piece full of village talk. And on leaving I did catch a thread of my hose on a snag in one of the chairs, thereby ruining them utterly. Sorely pained, for I had but recently laid out seven and a half dollars on them.

**October 27th** Lay late, reading in Willa Cather's "One of Ours," and upon finishing it burst into tears, I know not why. Miss Cather is, methinks, the leading American writer, and one with a true claim to greatness forasmuch as she combines restraint with imagination and feeling. But Lord! I do wish that she would write about

characters who do not live in the state of Nebraska! . . . My friend Edith Whittemore to see me, with great talk of a doctor who is to reduce her thirty pounds without effort on her part. And I do think seriously of taking her for observation to Dr. Brill, the great psychopathist. She having paid five hundred dollars down to this obesity quack, and knowing as well as I that there is but one way to lose weight—namely, to stop eating.

**October 28th** Early up, and resolved to speak to cook about the coffee, which grows worse daily. With all that science and invention have done for man, why is it well nigh impossible for him to get a good cup of coffee? Methinks I have had but two or three since I left my father's house. . . . My husband, the great zany, did come home in high glee over the recipe for a new cocktayle. A better one, he said, than ever he had tasted in his life. Whereupon he mixed several, out of lime juice, syrup, Scotch whiskey, gin, and God knows what else. I did taste one, very fine indeed. Samuel, gradually emptying the shaker unassisted, fell a-singing of one of his hymns, "There Is a Happy Land Far, Far Away!" And I wished that he could seek it temporarily. . . . All the evening at Russian Bank, and resolved never to play it again until I have an affidavit of procedure from Mr. Foster. For Lord! everybody has rules of his own. . . . And so to bed, after being forced by Samuel to pay the pittance I lost to him. B. L.

## Radio Football Report

ANY moment now we shall have the football returns coming in over our parlor radios, play by play, cheer by cheer, and injury by injury. But such service is not complete. Every man and some girls who have gone through the open season for big games know that the night before in the college town often has it all over the following afternoon in the college stadium, for assorted excitement. Why not some report on those doings as well, say from 9:30 P. M. Friday to 3 A. M. Saturday?

For the benefit of those whom deafness, broken antennæ, carbonized diaphragms or other physical disabilities may eliminate from the proper enjoyment of broadcasted bulletins, we append a report that might very well be rendered as suggested above.

"Station FOB Detroit talking . . . Weather for to-night, wet. . . . This quaint little college town is already crowded with the throngs arriving to witness to-morrow's contest. . . . A committee of the younger members of the freshman class has started to remove the gates from in front of the houses along Main Street. . . . They have eighteen yards to go. . . . Recent arrivals on the north curbstone include several leading lights of the Class of Ninety-eight—all lit. . . . A stranger just asked an alumnus if he could get him seven tickets in the center of the field, on the shady side. The police are trying to prevent a lynching. . . . They were outnumbered. . . . Biffo Biffums, Oughty-ought's famous cheer leader, has led a new consignment of cheer to his class headquarters. He is boasting that he is the guy who will put a head on the headquarters, to say nothing of the quart in it. . . . The glee club is holding an open-air concert and parade. . . . No, it is not the glee club after all, and it is more a parade than a concert. . . . Baldy Baldwin has just driven up with a casket. . . . Correct error in that last bulletin; for casket, read cask. . . . Two members of Fourteen just gathered on that lamp-post in front of Joe's and one is asking the other about the chances for tomorrow. . . . The other is saying what chances. . . . The other replies what chances for what. . . . This makes it unanimous. . . . Nighty-night." A. C. M. A.



Sally: Whatever became of Susan Strong, who used to be in our class?  
 Peggy: Oh, didn't you hear about her? My dear, the poor thing married a genius.

### Get the Spirit of Thanksgiving

**D**ID you ever stop to think how the simple act of borrowing one's Christmas savings to pay the family's fares back home to the Thanksgiving reunion sharpens appreciation of the day's blessings? Then there is the quiet, serene satisfaction of listening to one's father tell of the crops and what he got for this and that. It gives a man such a

contented feeling to have such a good approach toward borrowing the return fares to the city. He can relax and take his ease and another helping of turkey.

As the mince pie appears, an easy calculation tells one that by borrowing to replace those Christmas savings also, he may get the cash to buy his wife that fur coat she needs so

sadly; and by taking advantage of the days of grace on his insurance policy and then borrowing on it, he can make a start toward financing the Christmas trip to her mother's. If more fellows appreciated the blessings of the trip back to the old home at Thanksgiving time, the trains would be much more crowded.

McC. H.



*Father (bracing himself):* I must say, Marjory, I thoroughly deprecate this—er—cigarette tendency among you young women.

*Daughter (sternly):* What do you mean, Father?

*Father (weakening):* Why—er—why—ah—I—I think a pipe would be much less harmful.

### Preparing for the Millennium

AS the Millennium is expected to arrive any minute now, the Committee on Arrangements is busily at work preparing a program for the ideal state. It is a large order, as there are so many people to be pleased, and so many different varieties of tastes to be considered. Some people want one form of perfection, some want another—and it is all very confusing.

It is essential, however, that everyone be satisfied; otherwise the Millennium will be a flop. There must be no complaints.

Following is a list of objects, individuals and institutions which are scheduled for immediate elimination when this faulty world is annexed by Utopia. The straw ballot at the present time indicates that none of them will be missed:

Upper berths . . . Russian art . . . Eamon de Valera . . . Paper towels . . . the Eighteenth Amendment . . . people who say they never thought of taking a drink

until the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect . . . Harry M. Daugherty . . . rice pudding . . . popular song lyrics . . . the younger generation in literature . . . after-dinner speeches . . . Gertrude Stein . . . one hundred per cent. Americans . . . synthetic Scotch . . . charts (efficiency, weather and temperature) . . . the collected works of Edgar A. Guest . . . ectoplasms . . . Eskimo Pies . . . Clare Sheridan . . . inspirational talks by business men . . . professional New Yorkers . . . professional Californians . . . studio teas . . . people who talk about their dreams . . . conferences . . . Sunday papers . . . and wall mottoes.

The Committee on Arrangements will be glad to receive additions to this list, provided they are delivered before the curtain rises on the first act of the Millennium.

After that, of course, there will be no more committees.

R. E. S.





Hot Off the Gridiron



# Life's Calendar

## for November



John Held jr

By Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman

- 1—W.—**STAMP ACT** passed; invitations extended for Boston Tea Party, 1765. Only three out of five get pyorrhea, 1922.



- 2—Th.—James K. Polk born, 1795. Warren G. Harding born, 1865. Kansas goes dry; new uses found for cyclone cellars, 1880.
- 3—F.—**Continental Army** disbanded, 1783. William Cullen Bryant born, 1794. First actress photographed getting into Packard, 1902. Maid-of-all-work takes telephone message correctly, 1919.
- 4—Sa.—Gatling gun invented, 1862. Evanston, Illinois, resident, while packing trunk, discovers method of refolding sleeves of fresh shirt, 1922.
- 5—Su.—Chinese Restriction Act passed, 1892. Woman suffrage adopted by Kansas, Oregon, and Arizona, 1912. Palm trees begin blooming in rotogravure sections, 1922.
- 6—M.—United States recognizes Republic of Panama, 1903. Woman suffrage adopted by New York, 1917. Female character in Oriental play is not referred to as somebody's Lotus Flower, 1937.
- 7—Tu.—**ELECTION DAY**; Republican, Democrat and Socialist leaders highly pleased with results, 1922. New York evening papers, printed at seven A. M. announce every early vote, 1922.
- 8—W.—Lewis and Clark reach the Pacific and are shown over the studio district, 1805.
- 9—Th.—Montana admitted to Union, 1889. Paul T. Saddle, only man to refrain from remarking about the three-mile limit when seeing friend off for Europe, born, 1890.
- 10—F.—**First English settlement in Connecticut**; N. Y., N. H. and H. wrecks begin, 1635. "A" bets "D" instead of "B" in letter to newspaper, 1919.
- 11—Sa.—Cherry Valley massacre, 1778. Washington admitted to Union, 1889. Lettuce sandwiches first regarded as sandwiches, 1912.
- 12—Su.—Montreal surrendered to American Army, 1775. "Home, Sweet Home" first sung publicly 1823. Last New York cabaret taken over by colored entertainers, 1923.
- 13—M.—Edwin Booth born, 1833. First vacant lot next to skyscraper set aside for measuring transatlantic liners, 1902.
- 14—Tu.—Treaty of Commerce signed between Great Britain and Republic of Texas, 1840. Man with black dinner tie folded under roll collar is shot while passing office of "Vanity Fair," 1924.



- 15—W.—Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon arrive from England and start well-known line firm, 1763. Articles of Confederation adopted, 1777. Zebulon M. Pike discovers Pike's Peak, one of the greatest coincidences in the history of civilization, 1806.

- 16—Th.—**h** Sherman restarts his march through Georgia, 1864; Savannah banks remain open, 1922.

- 17—F.—Congress meets for first time in Capitol at Washington, 1800; one hundred and ten million people begin to think it would have been just as well if it hadn't, 1922.

- 18—Sa.—Standard time established, 1883; legislators begin to knock the daylight into it, 1913. Turkish baths introduced into Turkey, 1936.

- 19—Su.—James A. Garfield born, 1831. Lincoln delivers Gettysburg address, 1863. First piece of hotel soap engraved, 1897.

- 20—M.—**David L. Fairchild**, Topic, W. Va., decides that if cuffs are turned and a new collar put on it will do nicely for another winter, 1922.

- 21—Tu.—Napoleon issues "Berlin Decree," 1806. John Meredith, born of obscure parents, discovers new method of arranging oranges and apples in dairy lunch, 1921.

- 22—W.—**\*** First anecdote about poker game in heaven, 473. Nineteen Russian actors discovered still in Russia, 1923.

- 23—Th.—Franklin Pierce born, 1804. Battle of Chattanooga, 1863. Joseph Urban invents Neapolitan ice cream, 1901.

- 24—F.—Zachary Taylor born, 1784. Emil J. Scanlan, East Liverpool, Ohio, finds he has rubber band when he needs it, 1918.

- 25—Sa.—British evacuate New York; Corn Exchange Banks and Schulte's cigar stores take possession, 1783. Labor Day in Louisiana, but only Nov. 25 elsewhere, 1922.

- 26—Su.—**First street railway, running between New York and Harlem**, begin operation; Mayor Hyman insists on five-cent fare, 1823. First hat band run in and out of soft hat by college student, 1856.

- 27—M.—U. S. and Germany sign arbitration treaty, 1904; strong evidence that they must have been joking about it, 1917. Collar button dropped in comic strip fails to roll under bureau, 1967.

- 28—Tu.—Jeremiah Castor, inventor of famous oil, born, 1801. Citizens, in nation-wide uprising, voice demand for better blotters, 1923.

- 29—W.—Detroit surrendered to the English, 1760; Henry Ford gets first news of it, 1922. W. J. Messner, Little Falls, Ark., uses grape scissors instead of just pulling a handful from the bunch, 1925.

- 30—Th.—Mark Twain born 1835. **THANKSGIVING DAY**, strangely coinciding with end of twelfth month of LIFE'S CALENDAR, 1922.



Thanksgiving Day



Hunting the Forerunner of the Thanksgiving Turkey

## Mrs. Twitter and Her Art Course

### Part 2

**DEAR MRS. TWITTER:**  
We are going to ask you to redraw this picture of the little girl sitting on a log, holding a telescope in her hand. We do this merely because we wish to have another copy of so unusual a piece of work.

We wish that you would examine the original with particular care this time. If, when you make the second copy, you will place the little tot's head squarely between her shoulders, and leave the mittens off her hands, we are sure that you will be pleased with the result.

Again we wish to congratulate you on the strides you are making. Enclosed you will find the usual monthly bill. May we ask that you give this as careful attention as you have the instructions we have given you?

Yours sincerely,  
E. Z. ART CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

**DEAR MRS. TWITTER:**

You misunderstood the instructions of the Lesson calling for the original composition by the student of some simple household object. What we meant was a vase, cup, dish or similar ornament. We assume that the figure you sent us is your husband, but not being familiar with his personal appearance we are unable to determine how accurately you have transferred him to paper.

We are intensely interested in our students and hope that you will not mind a few questions which are prompted by the drawing you have sent us.

Was he in the World War—or just a private one? It hardly seems possible that one could have met with such wholesale injuries except on the other side. We

hope that he had his money well invested before enlisting and he is not forced to work for a living now.

We are sending you, under separate cover, one best quality Skinner's No. 2 drawing pencil and three sheets of drawing paper. For this there is no extra charge, but it is included under the terms of our generous installment plan, for which we beg to call to your attention, payment is now due.

Yours sincerely,  
E. Z. ART CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

**DEAR MRS. TWITTER:**

We beg to assure you that no reflection was intended on your husband, and the criticisms were made solely with a view to pointing out certain minor defects in his anatomy which we believed to be your fault and not his.

You show great promise in your work and we would advise earnestly against your discontinuing your efforts. We wish also to remind you that the monthly installments must be made, under the terms of our contract, whether or not you finish the course.

Yours sincerely,  
E. Z. ART CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

**DEAR MRS. TWITTER:**

If payment in full is not made by the fifth of the month, your account will be placed in the hands of our attorney.

With best wishes,  
Yours Sincerely,  
E. Z. ART CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.





THE Senatorial elections are practically all over but the investigating.

¶ The oldest boat in the world is being dug out of a bog on the Schleswig coast, says a news report.

When entirely excavated, it will resume operations on the Fall River Line.

¶ The only time you aren't sure that "No" means "Yes" is when you are proposing to a girl or talking to Lloyd George.

¶ Pola Negri has gone to Hollywood. 3290  
"Westward the Star of Vampire—"

¶ So the Kaiser is going to be married. It's remarkable how those literary fellers splurge just as soon as they've written a successful book.

¶ When the present European tangle is straightened out, some nation is sure to discover that Thrace is not always to the swift.

¶ A religious convention in Missouri claims in its report that Prohibition has lessened crime in Missouri. A great many of the people in Missouri, however, are from Missouri.

¶ The influence of Coué on Prohibition: "Every day and in every way we are getting wetter and wetter"

¶ Paderewski has given up politics to return to the concert stage. This might suggest something to Mr. Hearst, who used to play in the banjo club at college.

¶ If the purchasing power of money continues to advance, the dollar will soon be worth its weight in coal.

Give some people an inch and they will proceed to divide it up into building lots.

A three-year-old infant in New York City can speak five languages. By the time he grows up, he may be able to get around his home town without an interpreter.

¶ The amateur or professional title has never been won by a golfer who couldn't write syndicate articles.

¶ A cluster of stars has just been observed at a distance of 2,000,000,000,000,000 miles from the earth. This gives the statisticians a new objective toward which they can begin to lay things end to end.

¶ Russia's salvation ultimately may lie in the discovery of some process to make the ruble edible.

¶ What comes after the purchase price? That's easy: a collector.

¶ German ex-Royalists are said to be applying for pensions according to their military ranks. At least, they ought to be awarded an American soldier's bonus

¶ One fault of Americans is that their respect for any man is in direct proportion to the number of bathrooms in his house.

¶ Experts are picking the dozen leading feminine beauties, the dozen greatest minds, etc. But nobody's had the courage yet to name the dozen that understand the Einstein theory.

¶ Skirts may be longer, but so far as men are concerned they don't look as long as they used to.

¶ The Three Ages of Women: 15 to 25—The Muddle Ages. 35 to 45—The Middle Ages. 50 on—The Meddle Ages.



Photo: JAMES HALLMAN

### Frelinghuysen at the Phone

Hello, Warren; this is Joe.  
Is your bag packed? Can you go?  
What a joy to have such weather  
For our yachting trip together!  
What's that? Turkey may forbid you?  
Aw, come on; don't let them kid you.  
Pass the buck to Charley Hughes; it  
Pleases him; he won't refuse it.

While the sun is softly gleaming  
O'er the yard-arm, we'll be dreaming  
Far beyond the outer lighthouse;  
They can't see us from the White House;  
Daugherty is keen for poker,—  
Deuces wild, without the joker  
Great! I knew you'd not say no, chief.  
Whoopee! All aboard! Let's go, chief!

G. S. C.



*Mother:* No more pumpkin pie, Billie; you've had enough.  
*Billie:* Well, I think a fella ought to be allowed to eat too much on Thanksgivin' without anyone buttin' in.



*The Boy:* If I was a father like you an' had a boy like me, I'd help him first and I wouldn't spring any old drumsticks on him either.

## Oil to Oklahoma

### The Major, the Minor, and the Thanksgiving Spirit

MAJOR EDGAR FITZMEEHAN-FITZHUGH was filled with the spirit of Thanksgiving Day. Traces of the spirits of the night before also stirred within him, which helped somewhat to sustain him and to create an expansiveness that might otherwise have succumbed to dejection.

For Major Fitzmeehan-Fitzhugh was far from his family seat at Minute Creek, Seven Corners, Tally-ho, Florida. A slight disagreement—it was about the proper method of curing a ham—had led to words with Aunt Martha Fitzmeehan-Fitzhugh, and since that worthy lady believed that in an exchange of words it was far more blessed to give than to receive, he had fled.

The major had been in New York a week. He intended to stay indefinitely. It would be a lesson to that shrewish aunt. It would teach her never more to question the judgment of him who was the titular chief of the Fitzmeehan-Fitzhugh clan; to know her own place and to keep it. Besides, the hotel bootlegger had Bourbon of a quality the major had deemed forever vanished with the passage of "another of those demned Yankee amendments."

His voluntary exile had been a joy until this Thanksgiving Day, when for the first time he sought his Bourbon as a solace and not merely as a pleasing companion. A Fitzmeehan-Fitzhugh may wander far, but tradition demands that he return for the celebration of Thanksgiving Day and for that of April 1st, the birthday of the founder of his race. And usually, after certain telegraphic exchanges, he does return.

His step jaunty and his spirits magically fortified, the major walked briskly eastward. At Fifth Avenue he turned north, beaming heartily on the crowd eddying from an imposing church. Externally he was cheerful, but within was a yearning for companionship. Thanksgiving dinner is not a function for solitude.

A day for charity, the major thought. A day for a good deed.

Let him find some starving soul and regale it with rich viands. It was an act worthy of a Fitzmeehan-Fitzhugh.

At the next corner the major espied a boy, perhaps seven or eight years old, standing alone.



"Ah, there! Are you hungry, young 'un?"

"Providence," he murmured to himself. "I'll take this shivering little tyke and feed him as he has never been fed before."

"Ah, there, young man!" the major exclaimed, his eyes a-water with the chill of the frosty November day and the warmth of his heart. "Ah, there! Are you hungry, young 'un?"

The youngster nodded shyly.

"Come along, then," the major said. "We'll soon attend to that."

He took the boy's hand and turned west again, towards Sixth Avenue. On a far corner a place of white enamel and gleaming table tops glistened its welcome. The major entered, with his new-found friend, and chose a table.

"What would you like to eat?" he asked the boy.

"Turkey, sir—and cranberry sauce—and pumpkin pie," came the hesi-

tating reply, from between blue lips.

The major turned to the waiter. "Bring us your choicest foods, worthy of Thanksgiving," he ordered, grandly.

"If you choose well, fellow, I shall reward you."

Then he took something from his hip pocket and raised it to his lips. A momentary gurgle, a stealthy lowering—and a sigh.

The dinner moved slowly, gloriously to a surfeited end. Between courses, the major lubricated from the reservoir that adorned his right hip.

"Have to take the young tyke home," the host reflected as the boy finished the last crumb of his pie crust. Further thoughts came. "Probably lives in a squalid slum . . . greasy, grimy family . . . nauseating gratitude . . . spoil everything . . . send him home in a cab."

So the major hailed a taxi, paid the driver and bade him drive to the address given by his youthful guest. Glowing with the knowledge of a charitable deed done, he trudged back to his hotel.

Next morning the major idly scanned the newspaper headlines, but his glance, for some perverse reason, would not move from a blurred section of black type, which finally cleared to this:

#### SON OF WEALTH LOST AND FOUND

Eight-Year-Old Brian Barclay, Heir to Many Millions, Disappears and Returns in Thanksgiving Mystery.

#### STRANGER FED HIM HE SAYS

Family, Fearing Poison Plot, Calls Noted Specialists—Stomach Pump Used—Boy Out of Danger.

Incredulously the major read. He could not bring himself to full belief

(Continued on page 29)





Parent: Helen, do you ever stop to reflect?  
Flapper: Every time there's a mirror to reflect in, Mater.

### Questions in Simple Arithmetic

A, B and C agree to do a piece of work. A can work twice as fast as B, and B twice as fast as C. Working together, how long will it take them if D, the walking-delegate, stops around at the job and tells A and B the union will fine them if they work faster than C?

A golfer takes the following shots: One drive, a whiff, a brassie, two midirons, two mashies and three putts. What score does he put down?

If three goes into thirty ten times, how many times does a man go into details about the bass he caught at Lake Wantagoansit?

A commuter has kept his watch at railroad time. If the 5:10, Eastern

Standard, is due to leave 4:10, Day-light Saving, how much time has he to catch the train if his watch has stopped?

A man makes \$17,000 in a year. How much income tax does he pay?

Work out these examples:  
Add: Ne plus ultra

Haig and Haig  
Subtract: None the less truthful  
Congress from nothing

Multiply: Trial by jury  
Crossing Times Square

Divide: Sodium bicarbonate  
2½% by volume

A bootlegger has a case of the real-old-stuff. He takes one bottle around to let his customers sample

it and receives orders for 2 cases, 5 cases, 6 quarts, and 1 case, respectively. How much will he have to water down the real-old-stuff to make deliveries? How much will he have left?

If a subway car has a capacity of ninety, how many can get into it?

Nine divided by two is an operation in short division. Four is the quotient and one the remainder. What kind of division is a surgical operation? Identify the patient and remainder, if any.

What is an improper fraction? Why doesn't the Society for the Suppression of Vice do something about it?  
C. K. V. R.



November 2, 1922

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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DR. Frank Crane used the top line of one of his recent homilies for the assertion that the most dangerous enemy of the human race is the microbe. That was a sweeping statement. At first sight it seemed to do injustice to Senator Lodge. He has a premiership of a certain sort for well-known reasons that no microbe should be allowed to take away from him without discussion. As one thought further it was evident that Dr. Lodge ought not to be singled out to contest alone the supremacy of the microbe, and that the real matter for discussion was whether the microbe was so dangerous an enemy of the human race as the politician.

In these noisy days that precede election, the politician is very conspicuous and extremely audible. He talks all the time, and more of his discourse is printed than anybody can read. As one examines it, the air seems full of razors, but the public bears it calmly. Registration in New York is much below what was expected. Mr. Miller assails Mr. Smith and Mr. Smith assails Mr. Miller, but the voters are not greatly agitated and the thoughtful are thankful that there is plenty to be said in favor of both candidates.

In the thick of all this local wallowing there is space in the newspapers for the politics of Europe, and plenty of readers for what is said about it. The European subject is more interesting than ours. It is of more concern what England does just now than who is to be Governor of New York or whether Jim Reed is beaten in Missouri. British politics concern the world.

Ours are mostly parochial and the state of the world is not only more interesting to us than the state of the parish, but just now it is very much more important. We follow the fight over Lloyd George with more interest than even the contention over the extension of the subway system in New York, though that is mighty important and is in a way a world matter because it has to do with the comfort of all the Hittites, Hivites, Jebusites, Amelekites, Greeks, Italians, Jews, Russians, Turks, Armenians, Germans; Irish and all others who compose the population of New York or are coming here to live. Local transportation in New York is mighty important, but it runs too much to details to make a good story, and Lloyd George with his back to the wall is a highly picturesque figure and what he has to say is good copy.

In so far as he stands for recent exploits on the shores of the Dardanelles, American public opinion is undoubtedly with him. When the British dug in at Chanak, that made a picture that one could understand, and it was a bold, timely action, and successful. So far as Lloyd George stands up as the champion of Europe against the Turks he is hard to beat. So far as he is responsible for the policies and the negligencies that made it necessary to dig in at Chanak, he is vulnerable of course, but in that posture he has plenty of company—the company of most of the politicians in Europe.

What have the microbes done to the human race in the last four years compared with what those politicians have done? Yet most of them have done their best. They had their jobs to discharge and had to discharge them according to their intelligence, and if they had not been in charge,

another lot of politicians would have been, and probably would have done no better. There have to be microbes and some are useful in causing fermentations and for like services. So there have to be politicians, and they are useful in much the same way.



A great French politician is coming here to make a short visit and say a few words in our private ear. A spell ago he was the Tiger, and the savior of France. He has been resting since then, and is ready now to save France some more. He is starting off on his own hook—so one hears—to state the French case to the American people. He is a politician out of office, who might be described as George Harvey has described himself, as an independent Independent. The politicians in office, among them M. Poincaré and Marshal Foch, object very much to his coming here, but he is coming just the same.

At least one French politician, who is out of office, also objects, or at least denounces him. That is M. Caillaux. M. Caillaux writes pieces for the *World* in which he makes what mischief he can for the present French Government. M. Clemenceau kept him in jail a good part of the time during the war and Caillaux is not fond of him. He does not speak of him with admiration, but all the same he advertises him as a visitor.

M. Clemenceau will get a great reception and will tell us what he can, and we will read what he says, and think it over, and perhaps will get benefit out of it. Meanwhile every now and then there comes along a fact that helps us to an attitude about European matters. The other day the British paid fifty million dollars

interest on what they owed us. That was an interesting fact. They also declined to allow their ships to be searched at sea for rum. Both of these facts will tend to promote kindly feelings between our country and Great Britain. That they should scrape together so handsome a lump of money to pay our government increases respect for their fiscal integrity and competence, and that they should be obdurate about the rum searchers will warm to them a large proportion of American hearts.

Be firm, good brother Bull! Be firm! Do not let those rum dredgers infect your commodious ships with our present, preposterous prohibitive experiment.



**P**ROHIBITION according to Volstead is getting worse all the time. It was gotten up to abate a public nuisance. It did abate it after a fashion, but grows more and more to be itself a greater nuisance than the one it abated. It is not intelligent. It is not reasonable. It has very many bad consequences—crime, violence and a breeding of contempt for law. It looks for its enforcement purely to force. Its claim on moral support is entirely inadequate. It has made a lot of artificial sins and uses the police power to prove that they are sinful. All the same it is possible that we have in the Pro-

hibition Amendment the germ of a good thing. It gives great power over rum. It has broken up its hold on politics and on advertising. Let it alone! Modify the Volstead Act so that the good drinks may have a fair chance to drive the bad drinks out of use! At present bad drinks abound and good drinks are scarce and dear. We never will become a temperate country on that basis. The best thing that Prohibition has done for us has been to create an immense increase in the demand for grapes and to develop domestic wine-making and cider-making. That is a good effect as far as it goes, but we should not be shut off from importing wines of other countries. They do us more good than harm.

E. S. M.



The Entente Un-cordiale





"Anyhow!"



"Anyhow!"



## Hearts and Flowers

THE chief reason for this department's campaign against sentimentality is our tendency to be sentimental on the slightest occasion. We have to fight it, or we would constantly find ourself being dragged sobbing around the walls of the city by every play that contained a pair of baby's shoes or the sound of off-stage waltz music. Thus if we snarl loud enough at sentimentality, perhaps people won't hear us sniffing.

We are able to fight this awful weakness only when a sentimental play is badly done. (And, thank Heaven, they usually are both badly written and badly acted.) Let an excellent piece of work come along, however, involving any pressure on the heart-strings at all, and we are among the first group of middle-aged ladies to be carried out feet first.



WHEN we heard, therefore, that Tom Nesbitt was to be in "The Faithful Heart" we were apprehensive. For it was Tom Nesbitt and Ruth Chatterton in "Mary Rose" who plunged us into such a state of emotion that we bumped our forehead on the seat in front and raised quite an ugly lump.

And when we attended Mr. Monckton Hoffe's play and found that, in addition to Tom Nesbitt, there was Flora Sheffield and a practically perfect English cast (did you ever notice that most English casts are practically perfect?) we knew that the game was up.

"The Faithful Heart" is probably just as arrant sentimentality at bottom as "Wild Oats Lane," but it is written with a feeling for the intelligence as well as the susceptibilities of the audience, and acted with a delicacy and repression which makes it impossible for this reviewer to get anywhere near a reliable perspective on it. When we report that we cried savagely at the final curtain, which comes down on an empty room with an old music box tinkling and the sound of the whistle of the departing boat in the distance, then you may know just what kind of goof we are and read the notices on this page accordingly.



THE Theatre Guild seems to be the only producing agency in town with the ability to select plays which have novelty and dramatic value, and which, at the same time, give a thought to some of the Bigger and Deeper

Things of Life. And, oddly enough, the Theatre Guild makes money.

Certainly no ardent supporter of "The Bat" or "The Monster" could ask for a more devastating chill than that which sweeps up and down your back in the third act of "R. U. R.," the first offering of the Guild's new season. "R. U. R." stands for "Rossum's Universal Robots," the trade name for the fabricated men and women made by Old Man Rossum and his son and the organization which they built up around them.

The robots look like men and women except for a certain rather horrible sameness and a gigantic appearance around the chest and arms. They were intended to do the work of the world, leaving humans free to devote themselves to culture and other luxuries. Then someone thought of using them to fight wars. They were turned out by the millions, and all went well until one of the scientists in charge of the production decided to experiment a little and make them a bit more like human beings. The result was a revolt of the robots of the world and the almost complete extermination of the human race.

The scene in which the last half-dozen humans are waiting in the house surrounded by thousands of quietly approaching robots, is terrific. And when one of the scientists, peering out through the barricade, says with a shudder: "We shouldn't have made their faces all alike," the effect is hardly to be borne.

Like most of the good plays which the Guild has put on, there is perhaps a little too much talk now and then, but it is excellent talk, and well talked by a cast led by Basil Sydney and Kathlene MacDonell. The symbolism of the story is obvious and, in the present depleted condition of the world, accepted by practically everyone as true. Five years ago the Vigilantes would have run the play out of town, and, when next we want to go to war, the members of the Theatre Guild will probably be watched by Military Intelligence officers for having produced anti-war propaganda in 1922.



A SECOND viewing of "The Torch Bearers" convinces us that it is one of the most delightfully written plays we have seen for many seasons. And we regret not having said in the first place how superb Allison Skipworth is as the lady director of the amateur theatricals. She is the one who says, in discussing the unfortunate loss of one-half of Mr. Twiller's mustache during his big scene: "Well, there is simply no excuse for it. He has been here at the hall since four o'clock this afternoon."

R. C. B.



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Cat and the Canary.** *National*.—A wandering lunatic and other soothing influences.

**East of Suez.** *Eltinge*.—Florence Reed in an emotional drama of the Eurasian girl who didn't make good socially among the English.

**The Faithful Heart.** *Maxine Elliott's*.—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Fool.** *Times Square*.—To be reviewed later.

**The Insect.** *Fifty-Ninth St*.—To be reviewed later.

**The Last Warning.** *Klaw*.—To be reviewed later.

**Loyalties.** *Gaiety*.—What is meant by "a good play." Perhaps the best in town.

**Malvaloca.** *Forty-Eighth St*.—Jane Cowl and the Equity Players in a fairly interesting Spanish play, well produced.

**The Monster.** *Thirty-Ninth St*.—Horror until you almost laugh.

**On the Stairs.** *Daly's*.—Arnold Daly in second-rate swami melodrama.

**Rose Bernd.** *Longacre*.—Hauptmann's tragedy of the peasant girl, made notable by Ethel Barrymore.

**R. U. R.** *Garrick*.—Reviewed in this issue.

**La Tendresse.** *Empire*.—Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton in conventional French unconventionalities.

**To Love.** *Bijou*.—To be reviewed next week.

**Whispering Wires.** *Forty-Ninth St*.—A man is killed while telephoning. Three acts of "Who did it?"

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*.—The comic spirit of 1876.

**The Awful Truth.** *Henry Miller's*.—Ina Claire and Bruce McRae in amusing comedy about divorce.

**Banco.** *Ritz*.—Entertaining version of French gambling and bed-room complications. With Lola Fisher and Alfred Lunt.

**Captain Applejack.** *Cort*.—Wallace Edinger and Mary Nash in delightful pirate burlesque.

**East Side-West Side.** *Nora Bayes*.—Out of pile No. 45.

**Her Temporary Husband.** *Frazee*.—Old-fashioned farce comedy, with William Court-enay.

**It's a Boy.** *Sam H. Harr's*.—All the old favorites done up together.

**Kempy.** *Belmont*.—Very nice home comedy, by and with the Nugents and Grant Mitchell.

**Kiki.** *Belasco*.—Lenore Ulric as a very busy cocotte. One of the year's best characterizations.

**The Old Soak.** *Plymouth*.—Anti-Prohibition arguments from a dear old souse.

**Partners Again.** *Selwyn*.—Potash and Perlmutter selling automobiles.

**Shore Leave.** *Lyceum*.—Sea coast love story, much the same as any. Frances Starr in the lead.

**So This Is London!** *Hudson*.—Get together propaganda for England and America.

**Thin Ice.** *Comedy*.—Percival Knight as a 1922 model Admirable Crichton.

**The Torch Bearers.** *Vanderbilt*.—A wonderful evening if you have known amateur actors.

**Why Men Leave Home.** *Morosco*.—Morality play in bed-room.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Chauve-Souris.** *Century Roof*.—The third and best bill of Balieff's Russian artists.

**The Gingham Girl.** *Earl Carroll*.—Pleasant little thing.

**Greenwich Village Follies.** *Shubert*.—Savoy and Brennan in the midst of a gorgeous display of girls and settings.

**The Lady in Ermine.** *Ambassador*.—Wil-da Bennet in elaborate music comedy.

**Molly Darling.** *Liberty*.—A show with a real comedian, Jack Donahue.

**Orange Blossoms.** *Fulton*.—Expensive-looking.

**Passing Show of 1922.** *Winter Garden*.—Do you like Winter Garden shows?

**Queen o' Hearts.** *George M. Cohan's*.—Nora Bayes, with music.

**Revue Russe.** *Booth*.—A not very successful competitor of the Chauve-Souris.

**Sally, Irene and Mary.** *Casino*.—Eddie Dowling in a popular mixture.

**Scandals of 1922.** *Globe*.—George White's improvement on his previous shows, aided by Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

**The Yankee Princess.** *Knickerbocker*.—Vivian Segal and a superior score.

**Ziegfeld's Follies.** *New Amsterdam*.—Will Rogers makes it more nearly worth your money.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY  
No. 49. Mr. Wm. J. Burns attempts to solve the mystery of his wife's missing pie.

## Anna May's Turkey

*A Thanksgiving Story in All Good Tradition*



**I**n the front window of Mr. Ginsberg's butcher store, Anna May's turkey hung stolidly by his feet. He wasn't really Anna May's turkey, and when Anna May told her father and her mother and her two sisters and three brothers that he was, they made unpleasant and unprintable noises. Nevertheless, Anna May pretended he was hers and spent much time gazing through the window at him and thinking how well he would grace the family board at Thanksgiving—a foolish thought, because Anna May's father—well, you can see how it was yourself. As a matter of fact, Anna May had no business thinking at all. She wasn't born into the thinking class.

When Anna May's turkey was sold to the Goobles, who took from Mr. Ginsberg and lived in the eminently respectable neighborhood, Anna May cried and followed the delivery

wagon on her one skate. When her turkey disappeared inside the Gooble kitchen door, she cried again. One of the little Goobles being returned to his home at the same time, saw her crying and stuck out his tongue at her.

If the turkey had had any voice in the matter he would probably have said, "Aw rats, fagettit!" He was, if you should ask me, and not Mr. Ginsberg, a rather tough old bird.

\* \* \*

Thanksgiving morning broke bright and clear and mellow and warm. The little Goobles rose early and put on their costumes and blew their horns and collected five-cent pieces from the members of the family. When they were tired of that, the members of the family gave them pennies to throw from the dining room window to the horrid little ragamuffins below. The rate of exchange has ever been in the hands of the upper classes.

Reasonably enough, among the horrid little ragamuffins was Anna May. Anna May, however, didn't scramble for the pennies with much diligence. She was still thinking of her turkey. Even after the others had departed she stood quietly by the open window in the Gooble dining room—open because it was a warm, mellow day, as I said—and hoped at least for a smell of her turkey for her Thanksgiving feast.

When it finally came time for dinner, the four little Goobles sat down with shining eyes, red cheeks and snowy napkins under their chins. On the table were celery, salted nuts and the kind of olives that you can't tell how many you have eaten. After the soup had been performed to a triumphant *finale*, amid hurrahs and ohs, in came Anna May's turkey, to be demolished by the Goobles.

Mr. Gooble rose majestically, seized the carving fork in his left

(Continued on page 32)



**Motor Cop:** You were doing forty, ma'am

**Young Thing:** Forty—oh, was I? Well you were doing as much yourself—so there!



"An' dat's whut yer brung home fo' Thanksgivin', am it? Yo' all bettah gib thanks dat ah done got rheumatiz in mah right ahm an' dey ain't no broom-handle handy."



## Rescued from Obscurity

*Five Unpublished Poems Believed  
to Have Been Written by Five  
Eminent American Poets.*

### Me

*Probably Written by Sara Teasdale*

WHEN April trips across the world  
And brings blue days and fair,  
I pick apart my woman-soul  
And find but Sara there.  
Then in disgust I turn away  
To touch my lover's hand,  
And make my dainty wordlets dance  
Their tinkling Sara-band!

### Dithyrambo

*Possibly Written by Vachel  
Lindsay*

BINGERINGA, bingeringa, bingeringa,  
clang!  
Here come henries in a big black  
gang!  
Boomalinga, boomalinga, crick-  
crock-crack!  
Here comes a trolley on a one-way  
track!  
Street-car motorman talking to a  
jane—  
Flivver drivers all have flapper on  
the brain.  
OH, what a mess, now! OH, what  
a doom!  
Look out! Look out! Rattle—clang  
—BOOM!

### I Burn!

*Perhaps Written by  
Edna St. Vincent Millay*

O World! O Life! O Love! O  
Death!  
O Passion, sharpening every sense!  
A sunrise renders me Intense,  
And moonshine makes me hold my  
breath!  
So, drenched with moist, wet April  
rains,  
I clutch and kiss the lovely earth,  
And feel myself grow tall with  
mirth  
Because my soul has growing  
pains!

### Henry Brown

*Perchance Written by Edwin  
Arlington Robinson*

WHEN Henry shaved and came to  
town  
We thought him every inch a king.  
His derby, coat and shoes were  
brown;  
He wore a large Masonic ring.



"I have only one objection to the long skirt."

"What?"

"The length of it."

He was an ornament of ours—  
His spitting was a thing divine.  
Such splendid salivary powers  
Are neither yours, my friend, nor  
mine.

And then, one day, he strangely died.  
Ah, how inscrutable is Fate!—  
And left his neighbors to decide  
How tempora perambulate.  
And now he spits from star to star,  
While we, the louts of Tidbury  
Town,  
Cannot, though we aim sure and far,  
Expectorate like Henry Brown!

### Sumach and Slip Away

*Which May Have Been Written by  
Carl Sandburg*

IN Kansas City, Missouri, I slipped  
up on a big Swede who toted a bottle  
—nicked him from behind with a  
cold chisel—plunk!—and got a smile

or two. You can't tell—over the  
hills are new tricks for a dusty throat  
to learn—

In Peoria—Omaha—Terre Haute  
I had a thirst and a dollar—friends  
came by—times change, and only the  
gutters are the same—you can't tell  
—never—nohow—

Decatur has a couple of quarts and  
Grand Rapids knows a few—eight! a  
pint is a lot of money, but the nights  
are long and dry—bottles—cellars—  
cellars—bottles—over and over, the  
old song.

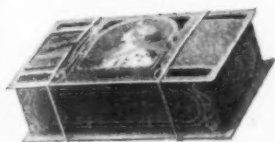
How do they do it? I saw a man  
take a flop and never get up—clang!  
went the wagon, and away he went.

In the meantime, pardner—have  
you?—can you?—

How do they do it?—sh!—I don't  
know—come around again—maybe  
I'll tell you—some other time!

L.H.

# Six Answers to Six Tastes



## LUXURY

Salmagundi. Bear in mind the name when you select chocolates to please a luxurious taste. It has a wide variety including some new and most attractive chocolates. In an art metal tin box worthy of the contents.

*Whitman's*  
SALMAGUNDI  
CHOCOLATES



## VARIETY

Everybody's taste has approved the Sampler and chosen it as America's foremost candy. It contains selections from ten favorite Whitman's packages which can also be purchased separately. It appeals to the taste for quaint, dainty things.

*Whitman's*  
SAMPLER



## SURPRISE

A taste for mystery, romance, treasure trove—the element of surprise and the pleasure of new flavors—all are answered in the picturesque Pleasure Island Box of Whitman's. Have you explored its bulging bags?

*Whitman's*  
PLEASURE ISLAND  
CHOCOLATES



## EXCELLENCE

Super Extra. A name that harks back to 1842 and the original Whitman's Chocolates that are still the standard. The assortment is one that has been selected with great care, that has been selected with the public taste changing slowly with the popularity during the eighty years its popularity has endured. It answers the average cultivated taste for sweets.

*Whitman's*  
SUPER EXTRA  
CHOCOLATES



## ODDITY

This book-shaped box bound in green and gold has a list of contents inside the cover differing from any other package. It has proved an assortment perfectly selected for many tastes. The Library Package is an appropriate gift for many folks and many occasions.

*Whitman's*  
LIBRARY  
PACKAGE



## RICHNESS

There's a distinct appeal in whole nut meats thickly coated with Whitman's famous chocolate. Those who like walnuts, pecans, filberts, almonds and all the favorite nut meats, at their best, declare this package to be their favorite.

*Whitman's*  
NUTS CHOCOLATE  
COVERED

*Whitman's*  
Quality Group



### "The Old Homestead"

THE b'gosh school of drama, which has long since passed beyond the realm of mortal ken in the theatre, is now being perpetuated in the movies. All the old rural thrillers and heart throbbers are being dragged bodily from the musty archives, and whipped into celluloid form.

The latest is Denman Thompson's masterpiece, "The Old Homestead," which used to knock 'em dead at the Academy of Music long before William Fox first took out a lease on that venerable temple. Never having seen the play—which was a little before my time—I am unable to make the usual comparisons, but I venture to say that the movie version is a great improvement on its parent drama.

In the first place, it possesses the best in the way of histrionic talent that Hollywood has to offer. Theodore Roberts, George Fawcett, Harrison Ford, T. Roy Barnes, are all players of acknowledged worth; and a newcomer, Fritzie Ridgway, arrives as definitely as May McAvoy did in "Sentimental Tommy."

James Cruze directed "The Old Homestead," which means that there is as much humor in the piece as is possible under the circumstances. Moreover, the hokum which is bound to dominate any drama of this nature is kept in the background most of the time. Mr. Cruze has devised a tornado for the climax, and while it appears just a bit incongruous in a New England setting, it is certainly magnificent to watch. Trees are uprooted, buildings are demolished, horses are blown away from their wagons and the stage-hands who operate the wind machine are paid extra for overtime.

SPEAKING of ham melodramas, I have not yet seen "More to Be Pitied Than Scorned" and "Only a Shopgirl," but I am watching for them and hope to make a report soon.

However, I shall never be really satisfied until "No Mother to Guide Her" finds its way to the screen.

### Felix the Cat

THE best of the animated cartoons just as present are Pat Sullivan's "Felix" comedies. Felix is a highly versatile feline and undoubtedly a near relative of the immortal Krazy Kat. He, or she (as the case may be), can perform any miracle, even going so far as to detach his, or her, tail and use it as a question mark.

The "Felix" cartoons are extremely funny and are guaranteed to provide an antidote for the dullest eight real feature.

### "The Face in the Fog"

THERE are a great many different varieties of deadly weapons used in "The Face in the Fog," including revolvers, swords, rifles, bayonets, knives and black-jacks. But none of them are so effective as human fists. The members of the all-star cast are continually hitting each other—with some kicking, biting, hair-pulling and rolling around on the floor thrown in for good measure.

Lionel Barrymore, Lowell Sherman, Louis Wolheim and Macy Harlam are all engaged in an incessant brawl, the general aspect of the drama being that of a football scrimmage. They only take time out to apply iodine to their wounds and Ed Pinaud's Eau de Quinine to their hair. In spite of everything, they manage to keep immaculate.

The story is another of the

"Boston Blackie" series, emanating from the explosive pen of Jack Boyle. This time, *Blackie* is involved in a plot to smuggle the Romanoff crown jewels into the United States. There are, of course, a number of characters named *Ivan*, *Olga*, *Tatiana*, etc.—and there are also a great many trick beards.

As a melodrama, "The Face in the Fog" is exciting, but only in spots. It is beautifully photographed and exceedingly well played.

### "The Bond Boy"

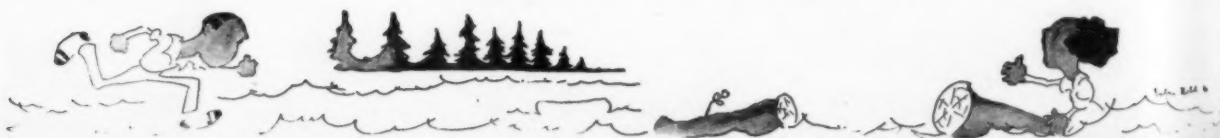
THERE are several fine qualities evident in "The Bond Boy."

There is the acting of Richard Barthelmess, and the direction of Henry King. There is a trial scene which is a marvel of expert management. There is a thrilling chase, in which the molested hero, escaped from jail on the eve of his execution, is trailed across hills and valleys by bloodhounds. There are also many gorgeous backgrounds.

But all these good qualities form the super-structure of the picture, and they are built upon a weak foundation. The story is an obvious and unsuccessful attempt to trade on the popularity of "Tol'able David"; moreover, Mr. Hergesheimer is not present, and one notes his absence.

Messrs. Barthelmess and King set a remarkably high standard for themselves in "Tol'able David," which was their first production; and their later offerings have consequently suffered by comparison. Nevertheless, they still have a decided advantage over most of the other stars and directors who never have set any standard at all.

Robert E. Sherwood.  
(Recent Developments will be found on page 32)





## Myths

### From American Autumn Folklore

A HOT mince pie may be eaten rapidly at the end of a large meal by a middle-aged business man of poor digestion without harm, provided it was baked by his mother.

Every relative, no matter how remote or disagreeable, is the most congenial, charming and witty person in the world, if met at a family Thanksgiving dinner.

Every farmer has in his cellar an enormous quantity of hard cider and spends all of his waking hours consuming it from a dipper and winking knowingly.

Any degree of chill, wet, crowding, fatigue and expense constitutes the highest form of enjoyment if the occasion is the annual crucial football game of one's own college.

The line in the newspapers, "Do your Christmas shopping early," is heeded by thousands of persons who, without it, would not shop until 11:50 P. M. on December twenty-fourth  
McC. H.

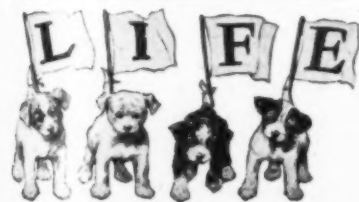
### Irrational Rations

MAID: I couldn't come yesterday, Miss Jackson. I was suffering that badly with pain in my chest.

MISTRESS: What was it, Melissa? Dyspepsia?

MAID: Yes'm, it was. But the doctor, he calls it an attack of acute indiscretion.

There was a rumor about recently to the effect that Luther Burbank crossed a field of daisies with a carnation in his buttonhole.



## Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to  
**FEED AND TRAIN**  
your dog  
**KEEP HIM HEALTHY**  
and  
**CURE DOG DISEASES**  
How to put dog in condition, kill  
fleas, cure scratching, mange, dis-  
temper. Gives twenty-five famous

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and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars,  
harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

### Q-W LABORATORIES

Dept. 19 Bound Brook, New Jersey



## Magic Lies in pretty teeth—Remove that film

Why will any woman in these days have dingy film on teeth?

There is now a way to end it. Millions of people employ it. You can see the results in glistening teeth everywhere you look.

This is to offer a ten-day test, to show you how to beautify the teeth.

### Film is cloudy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. When left it forms the basis of tartar. Teeth look discolored more or less.

But film does more. It causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

### You leave it

Old ways of brushing leave much of that film intact. It dims the teeth and, night and day, threatens serious damage. That's why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has been seeking ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found. They mean so much that leading dentists the world over now advise them.

**Pepsodent**  
PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists practically all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, correcting some old mistakes. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name is Pepsodent, and by its use millions now combat that film.

### Two other foes

It also fights two other foes of teeth. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. To digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. To neutralize mouth acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings to people new conceptions of clean teeth.

### Lives altered

Whole lives may be altered by this better tooth protection. Dentists now advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. It will mean a new dental era.

The way to know this is to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

See and feel the new effects, then read the reasons in the book we send.

If you count such things important, cut out the coupon now.

### 10-Day Tube Free 959

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 449, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



### The Fourragère

"Fo' why dat French sojer done got dat telephone cord all drape' round his shoulders?" inquired one colored stevedore of another.

"Ah's plumb appealed by yo' iggerance," answered the second pityingly. "Dat merely syndicates dat his regiment done got excited."

—American Legion Weekly.

### The Plagiarist

FIANCEE: My dear, Arthur compared me to a rose to-day.

FRIEND: Really! He must have heard that somewhere.

—Lustige Blätter (Berlin).

### Overheard

"Naw, suh, I jes' couldn't get no results with them dices. I's only got one shirt between me an' stahvation."

—Nashville Tennessean.

LIKE father like son, but like daughter and you don't care a rap about father.—Town Topics (London).



"Shay, boss, betcha can't guess what I've been doin' s'mornin'!"

"You have been bottling my wine."

"S-s-s-s' marvelous!"

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris)

### Social Ambition

In "Authors and I," Mr. C. Lewis Hind tells a story, invented by Max Beerbohm, about a parvenu, Sir Go-ahead Blank, who set himself, with the aid of his accomplished wife, to climb to the pinnacle of London society.

"Sometimes," says the inimitable Max, "in the middle of the night, I am aroused from my slumbers by a faint but persistent noise. I lean upon my elbow listening. Then greatly relieved, I sink back to sleep, murmuring to myself, 'It is only Sir Go-ahead Blank climbing—climbing—climbing.'"

—Humorist (London).

### The Inspired Composer

The year's prize for inspired typesetting is awarded without debate to the person responsible for the following in a New York daily:

"The government is interesting itself in a powerless plan said to be capable of remaining in the air indefinitely."

—Detroit News.

ELSIE: Did you ever see anybody so dreadfully slow as Charlie?

JACK: Oh, I don't know. They say he plays a pretty fast game of chess.

—Pearson's Weekly.

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The exceptional twin itineraries include romantic Havana, Panama, San Francisco, Hawaii, the "Paradise of the Pacific" and the famous volcano, Kilauea; 2 weeks in Japan; mysterious China; the Philippines, Zamboanga; Java, the "Garden of the East" with exclusive opportunities to visit the interior; Malaya; Burma; three weeks in India with wonderful trips to Cashmere and so on; Ceylon; Egypt; Italy; and the Riviera

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A notable event in Cruising History  
From New York, Feb. 10,  
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New York

**AMERICAN EXPRESS**

## Oil to Oklahoma

(Continued from page 14)

until he came to a passage in the lengthy account wherein the arm-chair restaurant waiter, interviewed by detectives, described the last of the Fitzmeehan-Fitzhughs as "a very old man, with an evil look."

That brought conviction.

This, then, was his charity, this his philanthropy. He has bestowed largesse upon a boy who would own more millions than there were acres on the Fitzmeehan-Fitzhugh estate. "Stomach pump!" he grunted. Then he rose and sighed, this time from weariness of the suspicion of the world. Crossing the room to the desk, he laboriously wrote a telegram to Aunt Martha Fitzmeehan-Fitzhugh.

"Cure the ham your own way," he scrawled. "I am coming home."

J. K. M.

## Where He Got His Practice

AT four he used to run away from shattered windows.

At five he used to run away when he was wanted to run an errand.

At six he used to run away with his pants stuffed full of apples.

At seven he used to play hockey.

At eight he used to run away from home for a day.

At nine he used to run away from company.

At ten he used to run away when a cop spied the crap game.

\* \* \*

At twenty he ran away from everybody in an international track meet.

The world marvelled.



The friends who greet you in your own drawing-room receive an impression of you that you will never know

## All around you people are judging you silently

**YOU** cannot escape it—that frank, unspoken comment that is born in the mind of every person you meet.

The friends who greet you in your own drawing-room—the strangers who pass you in the street—each one of them is storing up impressions of you that you will never know.

Don't let little evidences of neglect—carelessness about your appearance—create an unfavorable impression.

If you have an unattractive complexion, begin now to overcome this defect. Any girl can have a smooth, clear complexion. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By the right treatment you can make this new skin what you will.

On this page is given the right treatment for a skin that

is too oily. This is only one of the famous Woodbury skin treatments given in the booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment suited to your skin. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.

**Use this treatment for a skin that is too oily.** First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

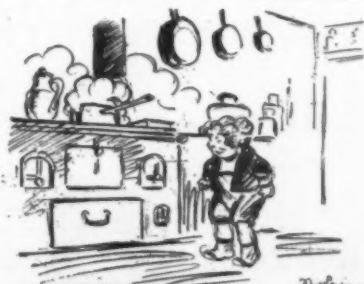


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But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition **FOR YOUR EYES** Use Murine Eye Remedy Night and Morning.

Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy. Write for Free Eye Care Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago



"Mama! Come quick! There's more milk than saucepan."—Le Rire (Paris)

**The Prophylactic**

is the

**ONE Tooth Brush in universal use today—everywhere**





## It had never occurred to him

HE seemed to have all of the qualifications for business success. Yet, somehow or other, he didn't advance as he should have. Something seemed to stand in his way.

The thing that held him back was in itself a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) *never* won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it is a handicap. And the pathetic part of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't mention it.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has given the smoker pleasure. Usually—and fortunately, however—halitosis yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Recognized for half a century as the safe antiseptic, Listerine possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat unpleasant breath. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is right. You *know* it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells a great deal of Listerine. For it has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle. —Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For  
HALITOSIS  
use  
LISTERINE



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Sweet Charity

The major at a certain recruit depot was approached one day by a man who had obviously been in the service only long enough to draw his uniform. The rookie failed to salute, but the major, a kindly man in spite of twenty years of Army life, overlooked it.

The buck gazed with respectful awe at the string of campaign ribbons across the major's broad chest.

"Gosh!" he remarked, "you must be an old timer."

"Yes," answered the major pleasantly, "I am."

"Say," began the buck cordially in a whisper, "do you ever drink anything?"

The major was truthful as well as kindly. He admitted that once in a while he took a small nip, and then turned away, as his new-found acquaintance was proving embarrassing.

"Wait," said the hospitable rookie, "I got some here—"

This was too much even for a kindly-disposed major.

"Corporal of the guard!" he bawled.

"Aw," protested the buck. "Don't call your friends—there's only enough for two."—*American Legion Weekly*.

### The Tonic

MRS. SMITH (*thoughtfully*): I'm afraid I shall have to stop giving Tommy that tonic the doctor left for him.

MR. SMITH (*anxiously*): Why, isn't he any better?

MRS. SMITH: Oh, yes. But he has slid down the banisters six times this morning, broken the hall lamp, two vases, a pitcher, and a looking-glass, and I don't feel as if I could stand much more.—*London Morning Post*.

### Signs of Prosperity

"In the Cumberland Mountains of East Tennessee," says a Nashville man, "a good coon dog is considered a valuable asset."

"Once I asked a native how many dogs he had."

"I ain't got but four," Jim replied dejectedly. "Looks like I never kin git a start on dogs agin."—*Harper's*.

### The Windfall

MRS. A: I've planned such a delightful surprise for my husband.

MRS. B: What is it?

MRS. A: He'll be getting his winter suit out shortly and I've put a quarter in one of the pockets.

—*Boston Transcript*.

### A Promising Lad

A Ramsgate boy is reported to have raided a fishing vessel, stolen money from a tea-room, made off with a vicious horse which he offered to sell for three-pence and nearly burned down a church. It is thought that there are possibilities in this little fellow.—*Punch*.

"I UNDERSTAND they met in an artist's studio."

"Yes. That was years ago; she was posing as Youth."

"Well, she seems to be still at it."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

## Jim Henry's Column

### My Friends

Here's a story they tell about Charles Lamb. At a social function a friend said to him:

"Come over here and meet Mr. A—."

Lamb answered, "No—I don't like him."

"Why," exclaimed his friend, "you don't know him!"

"That's why I don't like him!" said Lamb.

I imagine a lot of my friends were like that once. But now that they know Mennen's I honestly doubt whether anything could shake their conviction that it is the greatest shaving preparation ever invented.

Now, what I am driving at is this:

You read my stuff right along in a disinterested sort of way. You've probably had all the dope on Mennen's for months. Yet you don't know it. You're not a friend. You haven't met it face to face, as it were.

You haven't seen a tiny squeeze of cream flower into a young snow drift of lather. You haven't learned what a difference it makes to use three times the usual amount of water—cold if you like it. You haven't enjoyed that moment when your razor sings due south and finds the expectant sting and pull conspicuous by their absence. You haven't felt that bland, soothing after-glow on your skin. In other words you don't know the Mennen Shave!

Why not get acquainted?

Let me send you my big demonstrator tube with enough Mennen shaves to take the wrinkles out of your soul and make it radiate with a new joy of living.

For good measure I'll throw in a sample of Mennen Talcum for Men—a real "He" powder for after shaving or bathing. Fine for your skin—body or face. It doesn't show!

Both for ten cents.

*Jim Henry*  
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY  
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



## More Miles Less Gas

Your tire was designed and built to contain a definite quantity of air under pressure.

Under inflation is the greatest enemy of tire service. Proper inflation is to tire life what proper food is to human life. 80% of the failures of tires can be traced to under inflation.

Rim cutting, greater consumption of gas and oil and abnormal strains throughout the tire are the results of under inflation. Check your tire inflation with a TWITCHELL AIR GAUGE. Price \$1.25

The Twitchell Gauge Co.

1516 South Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

The TWITCHELL Saves Tires

### Easy Stuff

IT'S easy enough to be a writer. I could be one myself if I had the time and if there were enough money in it. All you've got to do is get an idea and then write it up. I've got lots of ideas. Have one about the Weather Man, for instance. It's a scream. It goes something like this:

He gets up in the morning and looks out at the weather. It's raining. He seems to be surprised. Looks at the morning newspaper. Yes he had predicted "Fair and warmer", but what difference does it make? A fellow can't be right all the time.



**MORE THAN \$100  
a Day!**

CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A FRIEND," receives more than \$100 a day. There are many other cartoonists making incomes that would look good to a bank president.

If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have fun making a great cartoonist.

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He reflects, too, that there isn't another man in the world who is quoted every single day on the front page of a newspaper.

The weather man has breakfast. It's an unusual breakfast for it breaks all kinds of records, just as the weather does. It is the first time in fifteen years that he has begun to eat at exactly thirteen and a half minutes after eight, standard time. The egg which is brought him is the hottest he has ever had on an October thirteenth at eight-fifteen. And when he has finished and starts for the office he breaks yet another—he has added one to the record number of times he has gone to work.

There's lots of other funny stuff I could work into it but I've told you enough already to convince you—if you know how to think. T. H. L.

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when you sleep on a genuine Adirondack Mt. Pine Pillow. Soothing! Refreshing!! invigorating!!! (Beautifying.) "Nature's Richest Aroma." Size (12" x 16"). \$1.35 postpaid. Pine Pillow Co., Box 614, Inwood Sta., N. Y.

## FRENCH

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Conversation

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-no winter  
this winter



mail  
this

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There are excellent schools for the children and golf links galore for you.

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The Santa Fe operates four daily trains to California. One of them—the California Limited—is exclusively for first-class travel and Fred Harvey serves all the meals "all the way."

Spick-and-span new steel equipment on the California Limited.

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Please mail to me following Santa Fe booklets:  
California Picture Book  
Grand Canyon Outings  
Also details as to cost of trip.

## THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26)

**When Knighthood Was in Flower.** *Paramount.*—The first Marion Davies picture which is worthy of the reviews in the Hearst papers.

**Rags to Riches.** *Warner.*—Wesley Barry in a picture that is aimed at the lowest point on the target—and hits its mark. Those people who believe that all movies are awful will find that this film conforms to their conception of the ideal movie.

**The Ghost Breaker.** *Paramount.*—A farcical melodrama which does not quite live up to its early promise.

**Remembrance.** *Goldwyn.*—A sentimental drama of American home life, written and directed by Rupert Hughes. It is redeemed from mawkishness by the sincerity with which it has been produced and played.

**Under Two Flags.** *Universal.*—Priscilla Dean races over the Moroccan desert, with whole regiments of Arabs and hussars in her wake.

**Broadway Rose.** *Metro.*—A highly unoriginal story of life in the white-light belt, with Mae Murray ranting around like one possessed.

**Oliver Twist.** *First National.*—Dickens' famous story gives Jackie Coogan a chance to achieve immortality.

**Kindred of the Dust.** *First National.*—It is the women who pays, and pays, and PAYS! Nor does the audience get off scot-free, either.

**Burning Sands.** *Paramount.*—This is described as "the answer to 'The Sheik'"—as though anyone had been waiting for an answer.

**Makin' Movies.** *Pathé.*—Johnny Jones and his little friends produce a film version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and the result is certainly worth while.

**For Review Next Week.**—"Lorna Doone," "A Tailor Made Man," "Clarence," and "The Cowboy and the Lady." R. E. S.

## Anna May's Turkey

(Continued from page 22)

hand, the knife in his right hand and made a vigorous stab at Anna May's turkey. Swoosh! Being, as I warned you, a tough old bird, Anna May's turkey rose with a majesty equal to that of Mr. Gooble and sailed out of the open window and down into the surprised arms of Anna May herself.

Some forty-five seconds later, having fled through four alleys and across two lots, Anna May and her turkey appeared before her astonished but approving family.

The next time Anna May saw the little Gooble that had stuck out his tongue at her, she, being nothing but a common little girl, anyway, applied her thumb to the end of her nose.

H. W. H.

Make Your Little Girl  
Happy  
with an  
**Add-a-pearl**  
NECKLACE  
The family and friends  
will keep it growing—  
ASK YOUR JEWELER

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### Books Received

- Slings and Arrows*, by Edwin Francis Edgett (B. J. Brimmer, Boston).  
*The Waltz of the Dogs*, by Leonid Andreyev (Macmillan).  
*Broken Barriers*, by Meredith Nicholson (Scribner).  
*Tales of the Jazz Age*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner).  
*Bill the Bachelor*, by Denis Mackail (Houghton Mifflin).  
*Just Nerves*, by Austen Fox Riggs (Houghton Mifflin).  
*Tales of Chinatown*, by Sax Rohmer (Doubleday, Page).  
*Shouts and Murmurs*, by Alexander Woollcott (Century).  
*Atolls of the Sun*, by Frederick O'Brien (Century).  
*The White Feather*, by P. G. Wodehouse (Macmillan).  
*The Three Fires*, by Amelia Josephine Burr (Macmillan).  
*When Kansas Was Young*, by T. A. McNeal (Macmillan).  
*Florence Nightingale*, by Edith Gittings Reid (Macmillan).  
*Real Property and Other Poems*, by Harold Monroe (Macmillan).  
*Laughter Limited*, by Nina Wilcox Putnam (Doran).  
*The Wind Bloweth*, by Donn Byrne (Century).  
*Cross Currents in Europe To-day*, by Charles A. Beard (Marshall Jones, Boston).  
*The Moth Decides*, by Edward Alden Jewell (Knopf).  
*Black Paul*, by Ben Ames Williams (Dutton).  
*The Fruit of the Tree*, by Hamilton Fyfe (Thomas Seltzer).  
*Where the Blue Begins*, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page).  
*Some Distinguished Americans*, by Harvey O'Higgins (Harper).  
*Nights and Days on the Gypsy Trail*, by Irving Brown (Harper).  
*Fielding Sargent*, by Elsa Barker (Dutton).  
*What Prohibition Has Done to America*, by Fabian Franklin (Harcourt, Brace).  
*The Best Plays of 1921-1922*, by Burns Mantle (Small, Maynard).  
*David the Dreamer*, by Ralph Bergengren (Atlantic Monthly Press).  
*The Next-to-Nothing House*, by Alice Van Leer Carrick (Atlantic Monthly Press).  
*Memories of a Hostess*, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe (Atlantic Monthly Press).  
*The Fun of Being a Fat Man*, by William Johnston (Little, Brown).  
*Pevegrine's Progress*, by Jeffery Farnol (Little, Brown).  
*Neither Here Nor There*, by Oliver Herford (Doran).  
*The Three Lovers*, by Frank Swinnerton (Doran).  
*The Trail of Conscience*, by Emilie Loring (Penn Publishing Co.).  
*Across the Mesa*, by Jarvis Hall (Penn Publishing Co.).  
*The Driver*, by Gareth Garrett (Dutton).  
*The Things We Are*, by John Middleton Murry (Dutton).

### Auntie Chloe Ain't Skeered

WINTER am comin',  
 Comin' fas',  
 But I got yams  
 'Nuff to las'.  
 Wolf, why yo' howlin'  
 Roun' my do'?'  
 I got twenty washin's—  
 Could git mo'—  
 'Nuff to buy hog-meat  
 An' apples fer pies;  
 Go way, wolf,  
 I advertise!

CLIENT: Isn't your fee pretty excessive?

LAWYER: Not at all. Think what it would be if we'd won!



**FOR MEN ONLY**

WHO HAVE MISSED  
**SHOE LACING HOOKS!**

LACING HOOKS CAN BE OBTAINED ON EXCLUSIVE MODELS OF QUALITY FOOTWEAR. INSIST ON HAVING WHAT YOU WANT.

**Clear-Tone FOR PIMPLES**

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body—Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. **CLEAR-TONE** has been Tried, Tested and Proven its merits in over 100,000 test cases.

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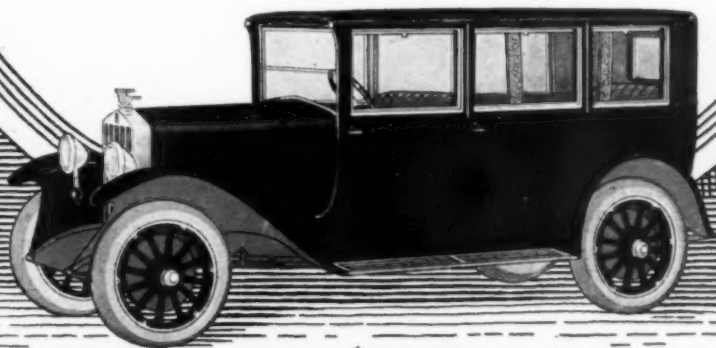
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Sedan Berline*

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## Let us be thankful—

THAT we have lived another year,  
even if it does make us a year  
older;

THAT our forefathers were Puritans  
—and that we are not;

THAT it is still unnecessary to prac-  
tice what Volstead preaches;

THAT there's LIFE in the old  
country yet;

THAT Christmas is coming;



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## The Minor Genius (A New Menace)

THE menace of minor geniuses is getting to be a matter of importance. To use that stoop-shouldered word upon which so many extinguished diplomatists have come to depend, it is becoming "vital." And anything we can do to relieve "vital" certainly should be done.

The minor genius has crept upon us unawares; he has been multiplying right under our noses without our realizing it. Now nobody can go anywhere without meeting one or more. We should not mind the minor genius much if it were not for his habits. There are so many irregular people of other denominations going about—such as gunmen, vampires, psycho-analysts and seed catalogue men—that to have to bear the added burden of minor geniuses is too much.

The big genius keeps himself so rare that when he comes along—say about once in twenty-five years—we don't care what he does. He can leave the water running in the bathroom as much as he likes, and marry as often as he pleases. He can cut the buttons off the back of his coat, or live upon little else but pie and hashish. He can be as vulgar, or even as refined, as he pleases, and we like it. We expect it. It delights us when we learn that he is either a criminal or a decadent. What pleasure it gives us to know that Alexander died in a drunken orgy, that Napoleon was impolite to ladies, that Alexander Hamilton was the offspring of sullied virtue, and that Lincoln had a sense of humor! We will stand anything from a big genius. We demand it.

When some minor genius had discovered that he could act like a big one, without doing much else, and acquire for himself an honorable name, another minor genius came along and added to this initial discovery the business of being clever. And thus the formula upon which all minor geniuses act became fixed.

The result is that almost any ambitious person of ordinary intellect can get the name of being a minor genius simply by saying smart things in a smart way and, in addition, acting as reckless as a big genius is privileged to act. Thus among the minor geniuses themselves there are the spurious and the real.

Perhaps some day a blessed pioneer will arise who will demonstrate to the world that it is possible to be a big genius and yet be tolerable to other people. Then all the minor geniuses will try to be like him and society will be more comfortable for all of us.

T. L. M.



## The Powder Base Perfection

Fashion decrees that woman may wear  
A touch of powder to make her fair,  
To soften her color and add to the charms  
Of her face, her neck, her hands and arms.

But powder to give real beauty and grace  
Must be smoothly applied on a proper base;  
To prevent detection the base supreme  
Is our Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds Cre-mis Face Powder next you choose  
Delicate, fragrant and charming to use,  
And you have the requisites, perfect quite  
For a lovely effect by day or night.

True aids to beauty, each user finds  
The products that bear the name of Hinds.

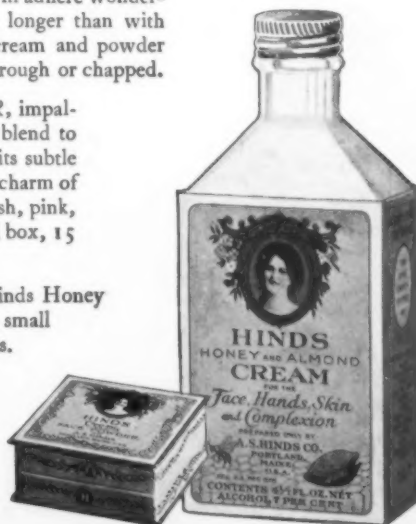
So many patrons of our Hinds Honey and Almond Cream are now using it as a base for face powder, and with such gratifying results that we are urging you to give it a trial. 'Twill cost you only a few cents for a trial bottle and the process is extremely simple.

Just moisten the skin with the cream and allow it to nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will adhere wonderfully and remain in perfect condition longer than with any other base we know of. The cream and powder will prevent the skin from becoming rough or chapped.

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All druggists and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 2 cents or trial bottle for 6 cents. A Try-out Box of 5 samples, assorted, 10 cents. Booklet Free.

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